

CHARLIE MITCHELL, 160 POUNDS, ONE OF ENGLAND'S GREATEST FIGHTERS

Dapper Little Englishman Gave John L. Hard Battles

Discovered By Billy Madden, Who Was Looking For Man to Beat Sullivan. British Now Shy on Good Big Men.

By ROBERT EDGREN.

The greatest heavyweight champion ever produced in England have been middleweights, or only removed from the middleweight class by a few pounds.

I met Jem Mace in London in 1902, during an international tournament in which many English and American fighters met. Mace at that time was 71 years old, a brown-skinned, dark featured man of middle height, with a profile bearing the marks of many battles. He had been heavyweight champion of England many years before, under London prize ring rules, when his best fighting weight was about 160 pounds, now the recognized middleweight limit.

When I saw him he had recently returned from a trip to South Africa, where, nearly 70 years old, he had engaged in five fights, with fair success.

He was a wiry, rugged looking old fellow, and proud of his health and strength. A gypsy, he had spent nearly all of his life out of doors and roaming. He died in 1911, at the age of 80. Mace was a small man among heavyweights, being only 5 feet 9½ inches tall.

He became champion of England in 1862, at 31, by knocking out Tom King in forty-three rounds. King was a big man and a great fighter. This fight was for the championship belt and a purse of \$1,000, winner take all.

Championships were cheap in those days. Imagine Carpenter and Dempsey in the ring for \$1,000 instead of \$500,000.

King met Mace again ten months later and stopped him in twenty-one rounds. Later he beat John C. Heenan, of America, famous for his fight against Sayers, in twenty-four rounds. King retired from the ring, became a great oarsman, winning several championships, and made a fortune of \$300,000 on the turf.

Jem Mace reclaimed the championship after King's retirement and fought in Australia and America. In Australia, he established the school of boxing, which developed such great men as Bob Fitzsimmons, Jim All, Peter Jackson, an Creighton, Young Griffo and the Murphies. He was an extreme, fast, clever boxer, who combined a hard punch and unlimited endurance.

His name was Charlie Mitchell. He was a dapper, little fellow—little more than a welterweight, but he had all the nerve in the world, amazing speed, great skill, a hard punch and unlimited endurance. When Mitchell "cleaned up" all the big fellows, Madden had been grooming for John L. Ridd. Ridd was discouraged. One night he had a talk with Mitchell.

"You've knocked all my plans into a cocked hat," complained Madden. "Here I've been working for months to get a man good enough to fight Sullivan in America, and you've spoiled the whole show."

"Well," said Mitchell cheerfully, "what's the matter with my fighting Sullivan?"

"Oh, you're too small," said Madden. "Not a bit of it," said Mitchell. "I'm bloomin' well fight 'im and beggins to like it."

Impressed by Mitchell's nerve, few more matches, which he won. Billy Madden put him through a boxing champion of England. Madden wrote to America that he was coming home with a man to beat Sullivan, and sailed with Mitchell.

As Charles was so short—less than 160 pounds—Madden felt a little embarrassed over the reception that might be accorded him in New York. So he had Mitchell wear boots with high heels, a tall silk hat and an overcoat with padded shoulders.

Mitchell was standing at the rail with Madden when the steamer docked in New York. At once a score of newspaper writers scrambled aboard to see the new champion. Madden was coming to fight Sullivan. Having no advance data on Madden's fight, they expected to see a burly giant.

"Where is he?" they asked Madden. "Right here," said Billy, introducing Mitchell, who was standing with Madden as he could and trying to look imposing.

"But—why—he's only a little fellow," one of the reporters said. "I'm Mitchell," said Charlie, growing indignant, "and I'll bloom 'em well knock Sullivan's 'ead off. That's me."

van was in Cleary's corner as a second. John L. was in his shirt sleeves, with no collar, wearing a silk hat. Mitchell, as he neatly polished off Cleary in three rounds, kept up a fire of remarks at Sullivan, offering to knock Cleary into his lap.

In those days fighters indulged in a line of conversation that would startle a longshoreman. Sportsmanship, as we find it in the ring, is a later development. Mitchell got Sullivan's goat by inviting him into the ring to follow Cleary.

"Come up 'ere," said Charles, with many embellishments, "and I'll knock you out from under that hat."

This, so far as history relates, was the first time the expression was used. Sullivan, frothing, accepted the challenge, for a later date.

Mitchell fought Sullivan in Madison Square Garden. Sullivan threw Mitchell off his feet several times in the first round, in his bull-like charges, but just at the end of the session Charles hit the great John L. on the chin with a left jab so neatly timed that he knocked John flat on his shoulderblades. John got up roaring with rage, the next two rounds he smothered Mitchell's cleverness with furious rushes, throwing him against the ropes and finally through them, when the police stopped the bout.

The referee named Sullivan as winner.

Mitchell next fought Sullivan in Chantilly, France, 1888, with the bare knuckles. The fight was on a private estate, in the woods, on a rough, cold, driving rainstorm. Sullivan was on the down road from dissipation then, and after stamping around in the mud, trying to land a blow on the clever, dancing little fellow, contented himself with turning to face Mitchell and trying to get over a heavy counter blow.

The fight went thirty-nine rounds, when both men were so exhausted that neither could fight effectively, and the seconds agreed to stop the fight and it a draw. Sullivan was well scared by the wiles in Mitchell's shoes, for they fought in spikes under the old prize ring rules, and the swift Mitchell fairly walked on the lumbering Sullivan in going around him.

The champion's backers tried to "filibuster" John L. by poor showing by saying that he was the champion of the world, and the second agreed to stop the fight and it a draw. Sullivan was well scared by the wiles in Mitchell's shoes, for they fought in spikes under the old prize ring rules, and the swift Mitchell fairly walked on the lumbering Sullivan in going around him.

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Heilmann and Hornsby Still Leading With Stick

It's the same old story when it comes to discussing the batting leaders of the two major leagues.

In the American League, Detroit's Harry Heilmann, of Detroit, continues to lead the ball with one victory and eight defeats for a percentage of 72.4.

Urban Faber is the leading pitcher of the league with twenty-one victories and eight defeats for a percentage of 72.4.

In the National League, Dave Bancroft of the Giants tops the list with a total of eighty-four, while George Kelly is still the best slugger, with eighteen home runs.

Frank Frisch, the New York third baseman, shows the way along the paths with thirty-two steals, which is ten above the mark of Harris in the American League.

Babe Adams of the Pirates is the leading twirler with eleven victories and eight defeats for a pitching percentage of 75.6.

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Tales of a Wayside Tee

Of all games that human inventiveness has offered a play loving universe golf is still the most baffling when it comes to a matter of erratic form.

The duffer who makes ninety-two one day and 113 the next often thinks his case is unique.

He imagines that he alone is the erratic cuss left in the game. He has only to cast his eye around to note that golf as a game has no other sport in the world calls for such sudden and terrific upsets, even unto its stars.

At Shawnee, Willie Ogg wins a tournament that includes Duncan, Mitchell, Hagan and other noted manipulators of wood and iron.

A few days later, in the national open, he fails to qualify.

In that same championship Bob McDonald fails to break into the select alcade. A few days later McDonald wins the metropolitan open, where Barnes, Hagan and other ranking players are sent against him.

Roger Wethered failed to qualify in last fall's amateur championship at the Engineers' battlefield by a handful of strokes.

He was bumped off quickly in the first round of the British amateur in late May. Three weeks later he is leading all British professionals over the seventy-two-hole route in a tie with Hutchison.

Neither tennis nor polo has any such staggering form reversals as this. Why golf?

Not long ago Jesse Guilford went out in thirty and came back in forty-four. How could there be a shift of fourteen strokes over nine holes on the part of a star?

Frequently there are no reasons one can reach for and grip. One is playing good golf—no one is playing badly. When Abe Mitchell retired at Columbia he admitted later that he was feeling none too fit.

"But that is no excuse," he said quickly, "for my poor play. Very often I have played my best golf when feeling well out of kilt."

When feeling well out of kilt, golf also comes and goes in such quick flashes or dashes. Here today and gone tomorrow, and all without rhyme or reason.

The Luck of It. Luck also is a light factor in a big field, where there are so many fine players. Take the case of Leo Deigel. He started playing quite well. He was moving smoothly until he reached the fifth hole. His tee shot was not over the fence, but back of the stakes only a few inches. He played this and the next hole near the green's edge in two for an easy five. But as it was ruled out of bounds he had to return to the tee, and that four or five inches cost him six strokes, as he finally put two more and took an eleven.

Mohawk Tourney Won By Patten

D. Clark Cockran Wins Handily in Consolation Play.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., Aug. 6.—D. Clark Cockran, Baltimore Country Club, played in his true form today and recorded an 18-hole victory over Appleton Gregory, Albany Country Club, in the final round of the Mohawk Golf Club, victory coming rather handily by a score of 7 up and 4 to play.

Cockran covered the course in 72, one under par, having several birdsie shots to his credit. The match ended on the twelfth green Cockran did not lose a hole, five being halved. The cards:

Gregory: Out. 43 45 45 44 4—25 In. 2 4 4 5 3 4 5 4—25 Out. 53 65 55 64 5—45 In. 4 5 4 5 2 5 5 4—45

J. H. Hanna, Columbia C. C., won a cup by taking the final round in the kickers' division from Roger Adams, of New York, by a score of 6 and 5. William W. Patten, Mohawk, was the winner of the tournament championship by beating Ned Sawyer, of New York, in the finals, of 36 holes, by a score of 5 up and 3 to play. A lead of 4 up in the morning round nabbed Patten to take the match.

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